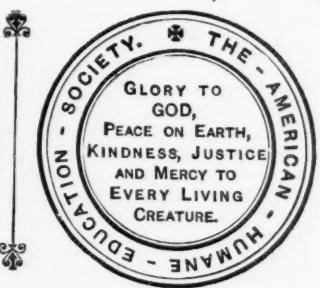


Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, December, 1895.

No. 7.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON AGAIN.

It is our business to protect, so far as possible, by *humane education* and the enforcement of laws, dumb animals [and human beings as well] from cruelty.

To obtain these objects it becomes our duty to attack wrong-doers fearlessly, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, and the *higher* and *more influential* the wrong-doer, the more important does this become.

So when we find a nominally *Christian* man standing so prominent as ex-President Harrison, setting so bad an example to the million members of our "Bands of Mercy," and the many millions we want to join them, as he has done by *absolutely refusing to become a member* of "The Indiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty," and spending his summer in the Adirondacks shooting harmless deer *simply for the fun of killing them*, we deem it our duty to oppose his receiving another nomination to the high and influential office of President of the United States.

Politicians may laugh at the idea of our little paper having influence in politics, but before they laugh too much it may be well to consider that, *with no object but the public good*, we go every month into the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in North America, north of Mexico, [some 20,000 in all] Catholic and Protestant,



Democratic and Republican, and that thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of quotations from—and editorials suggested by our columns have been published by the American press.

Dumb animals cannot vote, but through this little paper *they can speak* [as those who look over our circulation in another column will perceive] to possibly quite as influential an audience as is reached by any other paper in this country or the world, and say to the man who despised God's dumb creatures and those who are striving to protect them, that he may possibly find there is some political as well as moral power in our "Humane Societies," our over twenty-three thousand "Bands of Mercy" and this little paper.

[We are assured that at the formation of "The Indiana Humane Society" ex-President Harrison was the only prominent man in Indianapolis who refused to join.]

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HARTFORD "COURANT."

The Hartford *Courant* says, "Let the deer alone." "They harm nobody." "They are objects of beauty."

If they are killed make public the name of the butcher, and "let the man carry about with him the discredit that such a cruel act entitles him to."

NOT ASHAMED TO BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

We are not aware that Abraham Lincoln was ever nominally a member of any Christian church, but he would as soon have cut off his right arm as have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was vice-President of the Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young. Cleveland wore the badge of our Bands of Mercy on his breast while some ten thousand children filed by him in procession at Rochester, New York. No Southern General, to our knowledge, ever rode a mutilated horse. Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. Bismarck's dog has been almost as well known in Germany as Bismarck, and the Queen of England is the head of our work in that country.

WE SEE THAT EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

We see that our Christian ex-President has been presiding over a great religious meeting in New York city, held to raise money to convert the heathen—and we wonder why he will deprive himself of all his church privileges during the summer to shoot [with the aid of a jack-light] a few harmless deer when they come down to the water to get drink.

Wouldn't it be just as good fun to go to some butcher's yard within sound of his own church-bell and shoot a few young calves or lambs, getting some one to hold a kerosene lamp if necessary?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Harvard is beaten again at foot-ball, and all because the corporation has not adopted our suggestion to establish a "Department of Pugilism" and appoint our distinguished fellow-citizen, John L. Sullivan, its first professor.

THE DEVIL AND THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

We have just arrested three youths for cutting up with a pocket-knife a live cat, and then throwing her away to die slowly.

It was a case [as our chief prosecuting agent says] "of pure deviltry."

And now comes to our table a circular from a great New York publishing house, offering to send for inspection and purchase a book recently written by two Brown University Professors to show school-boys and girls how to dissect cats.

It is endorsed and recommended by professors in lots of our colleges, and bids fair to be introduced into thousands of our American schools.

By-and-by we shall have, perhaps, tens of thousands of boys and girls operating with pen-knives and jack-knives on unfortunate cats, dogs, and other animals, and Chicago University, by the way, with the aid of Mr. Rockefeller's \$7,600,000, is soon to have, we understand, one of the greatest vivisection and dissecting departments in America, and perhaps the world.

The devil, with the assistance of Mr. Rockefeller, seems to be particularly busy just now in trying to offset the influence of our American Humane Education Society and its 23,000 "Bands of Mercy," and make a hell on earth for God's dumb creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOX HUNTING BY THE MYOPIA CLUB.

We were informed some time since that our Boston Myopia Club proposed to substitute, in their hunts, live foxes for anise seed bags.

A few days after, we saw it stated in three Boston daily papers that "the fox was let loose and given ten minutes start," and that "the scent was found near the club-house."

Acting upon this statement we immediately sent to all our daily papers an offer of a prize of twenty-five dollars for evidence which would enable us to convict any member or members of the Myopia Club of a violation of the laws of Massachusetts, by hunting a tame fox or a wild fox that had been previously caught and confined.

The next day or the day following, it was stated, I think, in all our Boston dailies by the master of hounds of the club, that no tame fox or wild fox previously caught and confined had ever been hunted by the club or ever would be.

While it was difficult for us to comprehend how three Boston daily papers should make such a stupendous blunder as to say that "the fox was let loose and given ten minutes start," and "the scent was found near the club-house," still we were most glad to be informed that no such fox as described ever had been or ever would be hunted by the club, and that therefore it was not necessary for us to indulge [in this case] in the costly sport of fighting this very rich and powerful organization.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOXES, POLO, AND THE MONROE DOCUMENTINE.

One of our Boston leading daily papers says: "And so foxes musn't be hunted on horseback in Massachusetts."

"Pretty soon our sportsmen may have to consider the propriety of emigrating to more hospitable territory, where the Society with a long name is not quite so over-zealous."

Well, if these rich sportsmen choose to emigrate to England where they can cut off their horses' tails without becoming criminals, shoot live pigeons from traps, and break their own necks and those of their horses, chasing a little fox or playing polo, and will take with them all their mutilated horses, it will certainly be a great relief to our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to thousands of other humanely disposed persons, and it will give us a splendid opportunity to show our gratitude to England for sending over the "Pilgrim fathers," by returning to her some of the "Pilgrim sons," and so heap coals of fire on her head for bothering us so much about little Venezuela, away down in South America—and by-the-way, we wonder whether our "Monroe Doctrine" reaches to Patagonia and Cape Horn, and if not, where does she stop?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOSTON GLOBE.

That is a striking picture in the *Boston Globe* of Nov. 24th, "The Pilgrim Fathers" showing their gratitude to the Almighty through the "Thanksgiving" occupations of "The Pilgrim Sons," concluding by a night with the dancing girls at the theatre.

ROASTING THE MYOPIAS.

The *Salem Observer* says we have been "roasting" the Myopias in our November paper.

Oh, no—we have no wish to "roast" the Myopias in this world, or subject them to the danger of any form of unnecessary suffering in the next.

We have not the slightest objection to the many forms of harmless amusement and athletics suggested in our past issues [including golf and the good old fashioned college foot ball, which we once enjoyed hugely when it was played for fun and not for gambling, and professors of pugilism and profane swearing were not required in our colleges].

Let the Myopias stop the life mutilation and other abuses of their horses—prohibit swearing, gambling, and other unchristian doings, which they know as well as we do are wrong, and expel from the club any who disgrace it.

Let them act as gentlemen should and they will have no reason to complain of us nor we of them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLITICIANS AND THE MONROE DOCUMENTINE.

We cannot see the slightest particle of common sense in what our politicians call "the Monroe Doctrine."

We bought Alaska, which is separated from us by perhaps a thousand miles of British territory.

Had not Great Britain just as good right to buy it?

Suppose Great Britain, or Mexico, or the Central American, or the South American nations on the Atlantic or Pacific away down to Patagonia, choose to sell a part of their territory, what business is it of ours?

It seems to us that we have already about as much territory as we can properly manage, and that with our two great unprotected sea-coasts and comparatively small navy, we had better mind our own business and avoid picking quarrels with our neighbors.

As for the professional politicians who are so ready to get us into wars, we think it would be a good thing for the nation if they could all be dumped on some little island of some far off ocean, where they could fight each other like Kilkenny cats, until the last one had gone to that unknown country "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

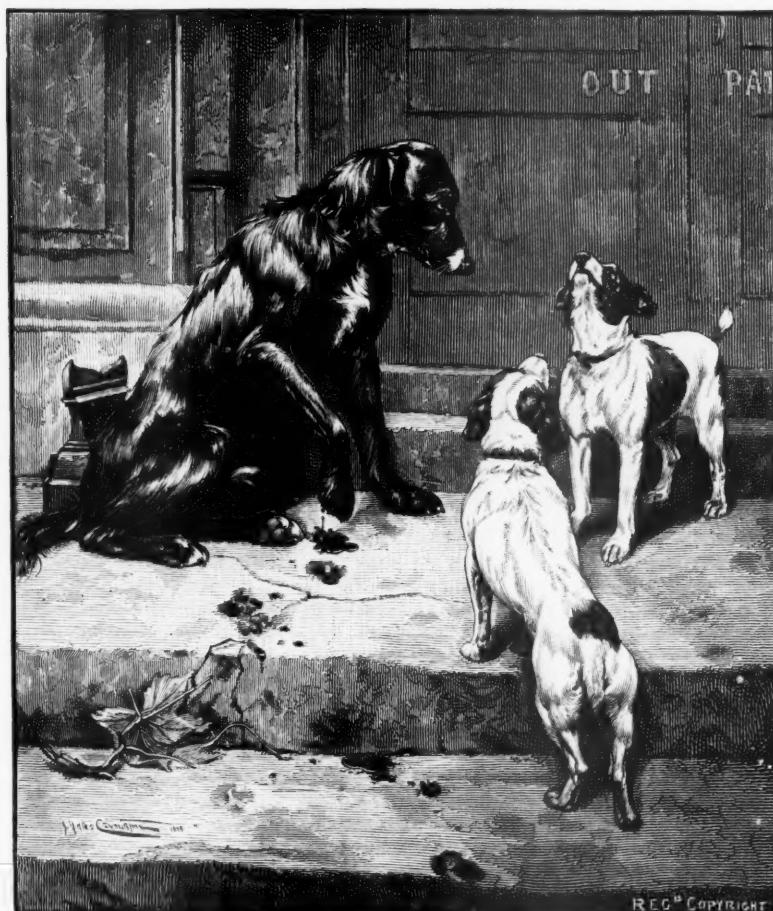
3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



REG. COPYRIGHT

THE WOUNDED DOG AT THE DOOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE AND HUMANITY.

The above cut, kindly loaned us by the Messrs. Pears of London, taken from an original painting by the celebrated dog painter, Yates Carrington—exhibited at the "Royal Academy," and of which a copy is hung in the "King's College Hospital," London, represents an act of intelligence and humanity on the part of two white and tan terriers, who brought a wounded collie by the shortest cut through various alleys, past the back entrance, to the front door of the hospital, for surgical treatment.

The collie had an artery cut in his right fore leg, and the course taken by the dogs from the place of accident to the front door of the hospital was traced by the blood.

The patient was surgically treated at the hospital and recovered, and no fact can be better substantiated than the one represented by the above picture.

SHE SAVED THEM ALL.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

At a fire in Mr. Tasker's boarding house, Intervale, N. H., last October, a cat was seen coming out with a kitten in her mouth. Depositing it in a place of safety she flew back into the burning building and brought out another. Back and forth the poor mother ran until every one of the litter was saved. Who could have done more?

CHRISTMAS CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN.

It will do no harm to pin onto your stockings Christmas eve:

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On a winter night in the olden time,
When the weary world was sunk in sin,
And darkness reigned, and the earth was full
Of war and tumult and hopeless din,
A messenger came from the world above
To bring the glad tidings of boundless love.

He was welcomed not by the rich and great;
No martial trumpet proclaimed his birth;
Unknown, in a lowly manger lay
The child of Heaven and Lord of earth—
The messenger sent from the world above
To bring the glad tidings of boundless love.

A star shone out in the Eastern sky
To mark the spot to a chosen few
Where the holy infant lay, who came
To light the benighted world anew—
The messenger sent from the world above
To bring the glad tidings of boundless love.

The light still shines with ceaseless ray
Over every land and every sea,
Through storm and tempest and trouble and strife,
For "I am the light of the world," said He—
The messenger sent from the world above
To bring the glad tidings of boundless love.

The light still shines through the clouds of sin,
And always points to a better way,
Where rest and peace and joy are found,
For these are the gifts of His natal day—
The messenger sent from the world above
To bring the glad tidings of boundless love.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1895.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of **about twenty thousand** newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month **two hundred and thirty-six new branches** of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of **twenty-three thousand two hundred and ninety-five**.

DEACON FOSTER.

A letter received at our office this morning concludes thus:—"If this letter is not received please inform me."

How, if the letter were not received, it would have been possible to inform the writer is a question.

A great many Boston people used to know an old colored man called Deacon Foster, who once a year got up an entertainment for his own benefit, in Boston Music Hall, which was always so entertaining that he generally succeeded in selling one or two thousand tickets at fifty cents each.

One of the features of the entertainment was always a speech from the Deacon.

On one of these occasions he told how he had been cheated on the weight of coal, and in the midst of his oration was interrupted by a loud call, "Who was it, Deacon?" The Deacon, somewhat thrown off his balance, replied, "I won't tell you, I won't tell you. I promised Mr. —— [naming a well known Boston coal dealer], I promised Mr. —— that I would 'nt say anything about it."

The applause was simply tremendous.

Keep your canary neither too hot nor cold; give variety of food, and always water, and a little mirror to look in.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At the November meeting of the directors of *The American Humane Education Society* and *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, President Angell reported the receipt of \$1000 from the estate of Henry C. Hutchins, Esq., of Boston, deceased, and \$1000 from the estate of Albert Glover, of Boston, deceased.

Boston agents had during the month dealt with 264 complaints of cruelty, taken 18 horses from work, and mercifully killed 57 horses and other animals.

436 new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making a total of 23,495.

CLEANING UP.

During the past month we have been having our offices thoroughly cleaned.

If we should say that in the tremendous rush of the past ten years they had become almost as dirty as the "Augean Stables," those of our readers who are not familiar with the "Augean Stables" might not understand just what we meant.

But if we should say they had accumulated almost dirt enough to plant and raise a few hills of potatoes, everybody would understand that.

But we have passed through a purgatory of purification into a paradise of cleanliness, and now feel [to quote the words of a friend] "as nice as a new cotton hat," and are ready for another ten years rush, larger than the past.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHEERFUL AND HAPPY.

I should think that all the cruelties you are compelled to read and listen to, Mr. Angell, would make your life unhappy.

Answer. Just as we try to make the columns of this paper cheerful, and thus secure for it the widest possible reading, so do we try through pleasant books and otherwise to bring into our life all happy and cheerful thoughts to offset the sad and cheerless ones.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."

Some one suggests that with all the battles we are fighting it is rather singular we should print the above sentence in *Our Dumb Animals*.

We answer that our great and growing army of mercy is not fighting to kill—but to save—fighting not for a dead sepulchre—but for a living Christianity which shall bring peace on earth not only to men and nations, but also to God's dumb creatures—the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and "the cattle on a thousand hills."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

\$1,000—THE GIFT OF HENRY C. HUTCHINS.

We acknowledge gratefully the receipt of \$1,000 for our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* from the estate of our deceased friend, Henry C. Hutchins, Esq., a member of the eminent law firm of Hutchins & Wheeler, and whose kind face and words have given happiness not only to hundreds of his professional brethren, but to large numbers of others who have met him in the various relations of life. He was one of those whom many would be glad to meet again on the other side of the dark river.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL BALL OF THE COACHMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

We are glad to be informed that this ball is to take place January 7, at "Mechanics Hall," and the price of tickets is to be two dollars.

We have had the kindest relations with, and much help from this excellent association, and we shall be glad if the sale of their tickets shall be so large as to materially increase their fund, which is for the relief of sick members, widows and orphans.

A KIND FRIEND.

A kind friend in another State sends us a check of \$50 to aid in our good work, particularly in endeavoring to do what we can to prevent cruelty in vivisection.

She expresses her earnest hope that God will bless us a thousand fold.

We wish for the sake of the great work which never seemed more important to us than now, that we had a thousand friends like this one.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER KIND REMEMBRANCE.

We published last month a gift of one thousand francs sent us from Paris, France, with the request that one-half of it should be used in promoting our health, and the other half in our work.

We have now to acknowledge the receipt of another thousand francs from Naples, Italy, with a similar request, and signed "with a thousand God bless you's."

We are grateful for such testimonials of interest in the preservation of our health, and not less so to receive, from time to time, letters from other friends assuring us that we are daily remembered in their prayers.

Some of our readers may think us foolish, but we have a good deal of faith in the power of sincere, heartfelt, earnest prayers, such as our own good mother used to offer up daily and nightly.

BOSTON'S GREAT LAWYER, JEREMIAH MASON, AND POLO.

We occasionally receive a communication asking us why we don't prosecute somebody who, the writer thinks, ought to be prosecuted, and in reply relate a little anecdote of the great Boston lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, who in many respects was the full equal of Daniel Webster.

To a bright young man about to leave Mr. Mason's office to enter practice, he said one day, "There is a secret on which your success is going to largely depend, but I shall not tell it to you unless you pay me five dollars, because if I do you will not think enough of it."

The young man was not rich, but succeeded in getting together five dollars and paid it to Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason then said: "The secret is always be sure before you go into court that you have plenty of good evidence."

It was a very important communication, for young lawyers are apt to think that if two witnesses swear to a thing it is no use to summon more.

This happened when our Massachusetts law did not permit parties to testify in their own cases.

The young man thought over the secret, and finally finding Mr. Mason alone one day in his office, asked if he could loan him ten dollars. Mr. Mason very cheerfully complied, and did not see him again perhaps for three months, when the young man happening into the office, Mr. Mason reminded him of the loan.

The young man promptly replied: "I learned before leaving your office, Mr. Mason, the great importance of always having plenty of good evidence before you go into court."

Mr. Mason had no evidence whatever of the loan, and enjoying the joke cancelled the debt.

If we had not had *four witnesses* in our recent polo case against young Shaw, we should have been sworn out of house and home [as the saying is] and charged by all the newspapers which the polo club can influence with prosecuting an innocent young man for indulging in the beautiful and harmless game of polo.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR BOSTON POLICE.

This cut represents the head of a column of over seven hundred of our Boston police passing the State House, and reminds us of one of the most interesting scenes of our life, when we had the pleasure of addressing in one of the large halls of Philadelphia eight hundred men and thirty-two officers of the Philadelphia police.

The occasion was the presentation of gold medals to several of them for distinguished humane services, and we said in commencing, that we wished we were rich enough to have a whole chest full of gold medals brought in, and present one to every man on the force, for it seemed to us that "if any class of men was entitled to gold medals, it was those who are liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens."

When we first started our Massachusetts Society, we succeeded in obtaining from our City Government, *without charge during three weeks*, seventeen policemen picked from the whole force, to canvass the entire city for funds for our Society, reporting to us daily—and so the police wonderfully aided us in laying the foundation for the great work which now reaches not only over our own city and state, but to a considerable extent over our entire country, and to some extent over the civilized world.

We supply all our Boston police and all their stations with our humane publications, and receive from them much sympathy and substantial aid.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

A beautiful story is told of a Sister of Charity, who was returning to Boston from New York, on a sound steamer, recently. As tea-time was about to be announced, a colored waiter approached her and suggested that perhaps it would be pleasanter for her to go to the table before the general rush of the passengers. She assented and took her place at the table for a very simple tea. The waiter left her without waiting for an order, and was gone so long that the sister wondered what had become of him. At last he appeared with a large tray loaded with all the luxuries of the season and set it down before her. Of course the modest sister was quite taken aback, and said to the waiter: "You have made a mistake; that is not for me." "Oh, yes, sister," said he, "it is for you." "But I did not order such a supper as that; it certainly must have been ordered for some one else and you have brought it to me by mistake." "No, sister, there is no mistake; it was ordered for you." Convinced at last, the sister ate all she wanted. Before she could leave the table, the waiter appeared



PARADE OF OUR BOSTON POLICE PASSING THE STATE HOUSE.

Kindly loaned us by the *Boston Herald*.

with a second course of sweets, ices, fruits, etc. "My dear man," said the sister, "that is too much. Who has ordered all those things for me?" "There is the gentleman who gave the order," said the darkey. "Then go and express my grateful thanks to him, and ask him for the pleasure of his name." The darkey conveyed the message to the gentleman, and returned with this reply: "Tell the sister that my name is of no consequence. I am a stranger, and may never see her again; but say that I am always happy to avail myself of every favorable opportunity of testifying my profound respect for the Sisters of Charity, whom I first learned to venerate and love in our late war."

Boston Herald.

HOW THE MONKEYS BROUGHT THE BOYS AND GIRLS TO SCHOOL.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about two hundred boys and girls.

ARBUTUS BAND OF MERCY.

\$282,000.

Arbutus Band of Mercy, composed of little girls about ten years old, and of which *Vera Ella Geldert*, 106 Crawford Street, Roxbury, is president, held a little fair the other day at one of their houses, and brought to our offices as its proceeds *twelve dollars*.

If all our over 23,000 Bands of Mercy would do the same we should have \$282,000 to put into this great work of mercy, and with it could form *more than a hundred thousand new Bands*. GEO. T. ANGELL.

"IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR."

We shall never tire of reading this magnificent hymn. It will go down through the ages until the coming of the millennium:

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

With all the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

Feed the birds in winter.

SEVERAL MILLIONAIRES.

During the year which is now about to close several of our millionaires have gone to their final account, leaving nothing to charity, and the newspapers have published columns in their praise.

We consider this an outrage and a crime against God and humanity, which should be made infamous by the American press.

Other editors must say what they deem to be for their interest, but if we could have our way every such man should be buried in some potter's field, and on his headstone should be inscribed: "He left millions of dollars, and not one penny for the poor, the sick or the suffering."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus—moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried."—Luke, chapter 16, verse 20.

MARLBOROUGH \$700,000 WEDDING.

We see that the flowers used at that wedding [as there seemed to be no other special use for them] were sent to the hospitals, and so the poor people there fared somewhat better than the clergyman who, having sent his hat out for a contribution and received nothing, thanked God that he had gotten his hat back from that congregation.

The great Duke of Marlborough, founder of the house, if we may believe Thackeray, was not a man to be very proud of, and of this little Duke we have no knowledge, except what we have read in the newspapers in regard to his adventure with the theatre girls at a Louisville theatre.

But newspapers [as we all know] do make mistakes, as for instance, in that fox-hunting case described in another column, where they stated that "the fox was given ten minutes start," and "the hounds took the scent near the club house," while the club representative, in behalf of the club, declares that they never hunted a tame fox or one confined for the purpose of hunting.

We suppose the happy couple above referred to will be riding with others of their kind in Rotten Row, London, before long.

\$700,000 spent on a wedding, and nothing but a few flowers for charity.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A VERY RICH LADY—\$2.

A very rich lady in our fashionable quarter told our collector the other day that she should refuse to give her two dollars to aid in preventing cruelty to animals, because Mr. Angell was so severe in his attacks upon the rich.

Some eighteen years ago, when we were striving to protect our people from the dangerously adulterated foods, poisonous cooking-wares, dangerous wall papers, etc., etc., sold in our markets, a trade journal charged us with having attacked every trade in Boston.

We replied that we had only attacked the rascals in every trade.

So now we say no one ever knew us to attack the noble-hearted, humane, generous rich who remember by their gifts and in their wills, the poor, the sick and the suffering.

We only attack the rich who violate our laws and have no mercy in their hearts for either their own race, or God's defenceless dumb creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. v: 7.

"He shall be judged without mercy, who hath shown no mercy."—James ii: 13.

POLO.

From a well known Boston Editor.

"MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—It matters not what the ultimate decision in the 'Polo case' may be, the moral victory is already yours. You have gotten the case before the great jury—the people."

Sincerely yours.

The Labor Leader says, "Good for the Society with the long name, that it has the pluck to tackle the polo players."

The above samples express the opinion not only of nine-tenths of Massachusetts editors, but also of nine-tenths, and perhaps we might truly say of ninety-nine one-hundredths, of the people of Massachusetts.

THAT INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

The feeling aroused on both sides of the Atlantic by the international yacht race off New York shows the folly of these international contests.

Let us postpone all international quarrels until we have spent five hundred millions of dollars in fortifying our great Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and another five hundred millions in establishing two great navies to assist the fortifications and sink the ships of other Christian nations.

By that time perhaps we shall have formed so many Bands of Mercy, and progressed so far in real Christian civilization as to render them all useless, except as showing how barbarous we Christians now are.

And, by the way, will some of our Band of Mercy boys and girls tell us how it happened that while all the other American Colonies were constantly fighting the Indians, William Penn and his Pennsylvania Colony lived in perfect peace with all the tribes about them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OIL BOMBS.

We are glad to notice in one of our exchanges that oil bombs have been invented which can be fired from the shore to calm the sea about a wrecked vessel, or from the deck of a vessel some distance to the windward.

[It is quite possible that large amounts of property and many valuable lives may be saved by this invention.—ED.]

ILLINOIS EPWORTH LEAGUE.

We are glad to receive from the superintendent of the above powerful organization a letter informing us that our Band of Mercy work is to become a part of the Epworth League work.

We hope this may result in the formation of many thousands of new Bands of Mercy, all of which we shall endeavor to supply with humane outfits, although it will cost a good deal of money.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

We have received from England a large amount of evidence on the above subject, indicating that persons of nervous type are liable to attacks of catalepsy, trance, hypnotism, and other forms of suspended animation, where the suspension of life is so marked that the most experienced physicians have been deceived.

One physician had gathered over 700 authenticated cases of this kind.

The result arrived at seems to be that there is no absolute certainty of death except the beginning of putrefaction, and wherever there is the remotest chance of death not actually having taken place, the body should be placed in a warm room until putrefaction sets in.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

A prominent Western gentleman tells us that in his opinion what we have said in *Our Dumb Animals* in regard to premature burials has attracted public attention throughout the Western States to the subject more than any and all things published heretofore.

He assures us that the result is that people throughout the Western States are now coming to be anxious to have the bodies of all their deceased friends embalmed before burial.

WITH AN HONEST MAN A DEBT NEVER OUTLAWS.

In an exchange paper we find the above, and add that with a dishonest man a debt does not outlaw half so often as most people think.

A debt may be outlawed in one State, but if the dishonest man or any of his property can be found in another State the old debt can be collected.

When [more than a quarter of a century ago] we were in the practice of law, we collected quite a number of just such debts.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY.

We do not hesitate to say that we do like editorials like the following from *The Danvers (Mass.) Mirror* of November 16th:

We like them because they encourage us and show sympathy with the work we are striving to do.

"No one man in this State is fighting, practically single-handed, so many wrongs as George T. Angell, president of several humane societies and publisher of that sturdy friend of the helpless, 'Our Dumb Animals.'

Intemperance, mutilation of horses, and other forms of cruelty, dissection and vivisection, particularly the latter, pony polo abuses, wanton shooting of birds and other animals, and various other things which he considers unmanly or inhuman are being vigorously attacked by his virile pen. He is a man of spirit and courage, who has no fear of wealth, influence or threat, and cannot fail to accomplish great good in a field which is too little occupied by the press of the country."

In one respect our good friend is mistaken. We are not fighting "single-handed."

There are lots of good people who strengthen our arms financially and otherwise, and some who are praying for our success.

Is it we alone who have been establishing over twenty-three thousand "Bands of Mercy?"

Is it we alone who have been sending out over this country and the world more than two millions copies of "Black Beauty?"

Is it we alone who, through this paper going every month into every editorial office in America north of Mexico and in a multitude of ways which, during past years, have appeared in its columns, have been striving to promote peace on earth and good-will to every harmless living creature—is it we alone?

Was it mere chance that two years ago, when past the age of seventy, we went safely through a double pneumonia which, in the opinion of the eminent consulting physician, gave us not more than one chance in three hundred and fifty of living—and came out better than before?

Is it quite certain that there are no invisible powers taking interest in the good and humane work we are trying to do?

"And Elisha said, Lord I pray thee open his eyes that he may see, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw—and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Second Kings—6: 17.

Was that altogether a fable and a delusion? No—we are not fighting "single-handed."

Our good friend was mistaken in his above statement.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM DARBY O'MALLEY.

VALLEY CITY, N. D., Oct. 18, 1895.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar for your splendid paper, which I have been reading for some time.

You are one of the few editors in America who has the courage to honestly speak your convictions, no matter whom it may hurt or please.

May God spare you many years to come, and give you strength and courage to carry on your noble work.

DARBY O'MALLEY.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. They have no cheap edition.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country. Price, 5 cents. — *Boston Courier*.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000.— Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society*, on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "American Humane Education Society"—gratuitously circulated by "American Humane Education Society"—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for protection of birds.

(2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

"You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home.

"That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

OUR MEMORIAL BUILDING.

We are making efforts to obtain subscriptions to enable us to purchase or erect for our *Humane Societies* a "Memorial Building," a part of which shall be used for our offices and a part let for offices and business purposes.

We do not propose for it "memorial windows" which are likely to be broken, but "memorial tablets" on its inner walls, on which shall be inscribed, *to continue during the centuries*, the names of those who shall testify their interest in our humane work by materially aiding in its purchase or erection.

We shall be pleased to hear from all who are able and willing to aid.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

At a recent marriage ceremony in one of the Providence churches the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the organ pealed out, "Oh dear! what can the matter be?"



MY KITTY.

We are indebted to Jenness Miller Monthly for this beautiful picture.

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE.

HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below. — *St. Nicholas*.

S. S. Teacher. — "Jennie, do you know what a miracle is?" Jennie. — "Yes'm, ma says if you don't marry our new minister it will be a miracle."

(For *Our Dumb Animals*.)

THE KNEELING DEER.

A traveller through Canadian woods
Was hurrying benighted:
'Twas nearly midnight; and the moon
His lonely pathway lighted;

When suddenly a shadow passed
Along the footpath gliding:
He paused, and 'neath a low-hung bough
Beheld an Indian hiding.

"Hush!" and he held his finger up,
While through the umbrage stealing—
"Tis Christmas eve! Me watch to-night
To see the wild deer kneeling."

The air was still, yet overhead
The pines were softly singing;
While glowed the moon upon the snow,
Their silent shadows flinging.

Al! we may say the legend old
Was but an idle notion:
A Cornish peasant's fancy wild
Transplanted o'er the ocean.

Yet on the first bright Christmas eve,
Around the lonely manger,
The soft eyed brutes with angels gazed
Upon the heavenly stranger.

We cannot know how far and deep
Their mystic instinct reacheth,
Nor what mute sense of Right and Love
These poor dumb children teacheth.

But Love that could redeem and save,
For evil good returning,
Could hold all creatures to its heart,
The humblest never spurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak,
The cruel jest unheeding,
For those who cannot speak themselves
A word of friendly pleading.

"Have you felt slippers?" inquired an old lady in a shoe store. The clerk, who was new at the business and young, answered, "Yes, ma'am, many a time."

THE FIRST SNOW.

The first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape, and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches.

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs, no more rattling wheels. Only the chiming sleigh bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.—LONGFELLOW.

THE CHAMPION LIAR. (179.)

An anonymous correspondent [inspired probably by the wicked one] says he counted our signature in one copy of *Our Dumb Animals* one hundred and seventy-nine times.

He reminds us of the Evangelist [we think it was Sam. Jones or Sam. Small], who asked any man who had never told a lie to rise, and when one rose pointed him out as *probably the champion liar of the whole audience*.

Our (179) anonymous correspondent calls up another amusing thought about a man who, with a lighted cigar entering a stage coach filled with gentlemen, inquired whether smoking was objectionable to any one, and when one said it was to him, replied, “*that he knew it was to some folks*.”

And this calls up another about a young dude who, smoking in a crowded horse car in Portland, and being told by the venerable Neal Dow that it was not proper to do so, replied very impudently, whereupon the great champion of temperance picked the young man up as easily as a big Newfoundland would a poodle and landed him outside the car quicker than the little Duke of Marlborough is said to have been landed outside the Louisville Theatre some time ago.

And by the way what does the title of Duke amount to, anyway? Well, we think it amounts to about this. It may mean a very respectable gentleman or it may mean a man whom no respectable gentleman or lady would want in his or her house.

NAPOLEON'S ORDER.

From a book recently published by Dr. Ludwig Buchner, of Berlin, Germany, we take the following:

“The horse,” said Napoleon, “is the link between the animal and God. *How do we know that the animals have not a language of their own?* I think it very rash to deny it simply because we do not understand it.” In the wars of Napoleon an officer named Lamont, in a Hussar regiment was several times saved in battle by his horse, and out of gratitude took more care of the animal than of himself. In 1800 Lamont was killed in an engagement on the Danube. But the horse would not quit the body, and with teeth and hoofs kept off every one who wished to remove it. The matter was reported to Napoleon, who gave orders to leave the horse alone and watch him. According to the statement of the sentinel, the horse remained with the corpse all night and in the morning, having snuffed it from head to foot, uttered a pitiful cry, galloped off to the river, plunged in, and was drowned.

Horace Vernet is said to have perpetuated this horse's memory in picture.

COVER THE BITS WITH LEATHER.

To horse owners and more especially stable-keepers, we would say now is the proper time to cover the bits with leather. The frost in the bit takes the skin from the horse's mouth and tongue, making them sore, and eating is a painful operation. Your horse instead of being “off feed” may be nine times in ten a victim to your own thoughtlessness or cruelty. Measure your bits with twine, and cut your leather by the measurement.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER.

We are most glad to tell our readers that one of our directors made a thorough examination of Clark University, Worcester, a few days since, and interviewed Mr. L. N. Wilson, the clerk of the University, who assured him *there had been no vivisection performed in that University during the past three years*.

Our director was entirely satisfied that the statement made widely by the press that there was something like \$50,000 worth of apparatus for the purpose of vivisection in that University was entirely false.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

INFORMATION WANTED.

We find in the Boston *Record* of Oct. 31st that Professor Rockwell of the Boston University Medical School, declares that vivisection is absolutely necessary to give the students “*nerve, resource and coolness*” that is needed by them in the exercise of their future duties, and which he says the manual training on dead bodies does not give.

Now will some one kindly tell us *how many living animals* it is necessary for the ordinary medical student to operate upon to give him the “*nerve, resource and coolness*” which the professor says is needed?

How many different experiments medical students are required or recommended to perform on *each living animal* for the above purpose, and what those experiments are?

Whether it is necessary for each student, after entering upon his medical practice, to continue these experiments on living animals through life, for the purpose of retaining the “*nerve, resource and coolness*” acquired by his practice on living animals while in the medical college?

How many surgical operations are physicians in ordinary practice [not surgeons] called upon to perform in a year which are materially aided by their experiments on living animals, and what are they?

Have the Anti-vivisection Societies of Europe or the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals there ever obtained a single conviction in any court, and if so, when and where?

Have any of those Societies ever offered a dollar for evidence to enable them to convict?

Has the law which the English Society obtained in that country been of any use, and if so, what?

Our Massachusetts Society, as our readers know, has standing offer of \$10 for evidence which shall enable us to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection, and \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisection and dissection in public schools.

But though we have employed officers who have earnestly sought to obtain evidence we have thus far failed.

The young lady who gave us the evidence published in our November paper in regard to vivisection in our Institute of Technology, and which was taken down in writing in the presence of two witnesses, and to the publication of which she cheerfully assented, has apparently had her lips now sealed.

In the interests of science are experiments on living animals as satisfactory as they would be on living criminals condemned to death, and if anesthetics were used would such criminals suffer more than sensitive animals, such as horses, dogs, cats, etc.?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

“My wife,” said Fred the other day, “always flatters me in cold weather.”

“How is that?”

“Why, whenever she wants more coal put on the fire she points to the fire-place, and says, ‘*Frederick the Grate*.’”

CAN THE ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETIES PROSECUTE IN THE COURTS?

Answer, certainly. They have the same rights that we have, with this advantage that they can devote their entire energies to a single subject while we must look after a hundred — *perhaps a thousand* forms of cruelty.

But if they prefer to ask us to do the prosecuting, we stand ready to prosecute every case in which they will furnish evidence that will enable us to convict.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

COLLEGE BURGLARS.

We see that students at “*Union College*” have been committing a lot of burglaries in Schenectady, N. Y.

Well — go on with your scientific education. Don't care a straw for humane education — that is of no consequence. By-and-by you will have lots of college students and graduates committing *worse crimes than burglary*.

Go on teaching in the lower schools boys and girls to cut up cats. By-and-by you will have plenty of railroad trains thrown off the track and lots of incendiary fires.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO PREVENT INCENDIARY FIRES.

We see in our morning paper of November 14, that two little boys, *one twelve* and the other *only seven years old*, have been setting a lot of fires in Malden and South Boston.

In consideration of the fact that a boy seven years old can, on a windy night, set a fire which may destroy half a city and many human lives, is it not well to consider the importance for the protection of property and life, of establishing Bands of Mercy in all our schools and elsewhere as widely as possible.

Would it not pay insurance companies to give our American Humane Education Society a handsome donation for the above purpose?

[From *Worcester Spy*, November 11.]

We see that the “*Williston Academy*” foot ball team when leaving the “*Bay State House*,” Worcester, on the 12:30 train *Sunday* morning, after their battle with the “*Worcester Academy*” foot ball team, stole a valuable cat belonging to the “*Bay State House*,” refused at the depot to return it, and threatened bodily harm to the Bay State man who was sent for it. But the “*Bay State House*” telegraphed to the Springfield police, and when the train arrived there the Springfield officers went into the car, secured the cat, and sent it back to Worcester, greatly to the gratification of the cat and the proprietors of the “*Bay State House*.”

Whether the Williston boys wanted the cat for vivisection, or for what purpose, we do not know.

TO CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

We have received a most interesting leaflet on the above subject, written by A. A. Locke, Esq., of Fort Worth, Texas, and published in the *Texas Standard*, in which he wishes to ask all clergy in the country how many sermons they have ever preached from either of the following texts: “*Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.*” “*He shall have judgment without mercy who have shown no mercy.*” “*Be ye therefore merciful.*”

He says he has conversed with scores of Christians, many of them past three-score years, who told him they never heard a Christian minister preach a single sermon on kindness to dumb animals.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

Written for *Our Dumb Animals*, by H. Mae Johnson, of Minneapolis.

QUEER COMPANIONS.

I am going to tell you a true story about two strange playmates — a dog and a toad.

The dog, whose name was Don, was a great fine looking fellow and seemed to understand everything that was said to him.

One evening I thought I would go into the back yard and see how Don was getting along. He was very apt to run away, you see, so we had a portion of the yard fenced off for him to roam about in.

When I got near, I noticed that Don was very intently watching something on the ground. Wondering what it could be I approached very quietly and there lay a toad. Its little eyes were blinking rapidly and were watching every movement of the big animal beside him.

"Poor little toad," I said, "you are afraid you are going to be killed, but I will save you;" so I pushed it along until we reached a hole in the fence and poked it through into the next yard.

Now Don did not seem to like this one bit. He followed me closely, uttering little barks and making funny noises.

"Oh, ho! Master Don," said I, "you are angry to think your prey has escaped you, but if you want anything to kill you had better hunt for a rat."

As I left, Don seemed to look after me reproachfully, but I did not mind, for I felt I had done a good deed in saving the life of the toad.

The next evening, however, I was attracted by a series of joyful little barks from Don.

"What is the matter with him?" I wondered, and concluded I would go back and see.

When I got there, what was my surprise to see the toad there again. Don was jumping about and seemed to be tickled to death.

"What a foolish toad," I thought, "to brave death in this way;" so I tried to make it move but could not budge it.

Don was very uneasy during this operation, and I began to think there was something funny about the affair, so I determined to watch and see what would happen.

Don eyed me suspiciously for awhile, but finally seemed to make up his mind that I was not going to interfere with him, and then he turned his attention to the toad.

First he took his paw and began scratching the sand over the toad until he had entirely buried it. Then with his nose he gently brushed the dirt away. After he had done this several times he opened his mouth and to my dismay picked up the poor little toad and walked off to another part of the garden with it.

"Oh! you naughty dog!" I cried. "Are you not ashamed to kill that poor toad?" and I ran after him, hoping to be in time to save its life.

I need not have worried, however, for when I got there, Master Toad was lying on the ground without a scratch of any kind, and looking as if it really had enjoyed its novel ride.

Don was wagging his tail, and glancing at me seemed to say, "How could you think I would kill my little friend?"

I felt so ashamed of my unjust suspicions that I left, and as I looked back he was going through his burying process again.

The next night and the next the toad appeared. Don would bury it, uncover it, and then pick it up and carry it to another place. And what good times these two would have. The toad seemed to enjoy the play extremely and would let Don do anything he wanted to, while Don was very gentle, handling his playmate with great care.

For over a month the toad appeared, but one night it did not come and Don was disconsolate. He ran around the yard poking his nose into all the corners and uttering little cries, as if calling on the toad to come out and play.

It was of no avail, however, for it never came again, and it was a long time before Don gave up watching for his strange little friend.

ONLY A BIRD.

BY MARY C. JOHNSON.

*Only a bird, a little sprite
That made the wild woods ring
With the silvery note*

*From its merry throat,
In the early, gladsome spring.
Wee bosom red, black shiny head,
And eyes with a soft warm light.*

*Only a bird — Dame Fashion heard,
And her proud lips curled in scorn;
"To my taste," said she, "it would better be
If a bird on the hat was worn."*

So she sent her imps on their fiendish quest
To roam the woodland through,
To tear the wings from the mother's breast,
For no pity their cruel hearts knew.
Alas! for the homes in the woodland bowers,
Where their vandal feet have trod,
For the dew shone red on the weeping flowers,
And the blood-stains marked the sod.

*But never a word of pity stirred
The heart of Fashion cold,
The ears of Beauty never heard
The terrible tale that was told;
Told by the weeping flowers in the glen
Where their voices have ceased to ring,
Told by the shrieking wee birds in the nest
Unwarmed by a mother's wing.*

*Only a bird, a ghastly thing
That sat in a milliner's shop,
With ruffled plumage and stiffened wings
And a miserable cotton crop.
A tuneless throat; alas! alas!
Held stiff by an ugly wire,
And staring, expressionless eyes of glass,
That emit no sparks of fire.*

*Only a bird, a little sprite,
That made the wild woods ring
With the merry notes
From its beautiful throat,
In the early, gladsome spring.
Stuffed bosom red, black dried-up head,
And eyes with a crazy stare.*

MRS. BISHOP PARET OF MARYLAND.

The following from the wife of the *Episcopal Bishop of Maryland*, ought to have weight:

DEAR MR. ANGELL:— You well know how hard I have been trying for a long time to persuade women not to wear the plumage of birds.

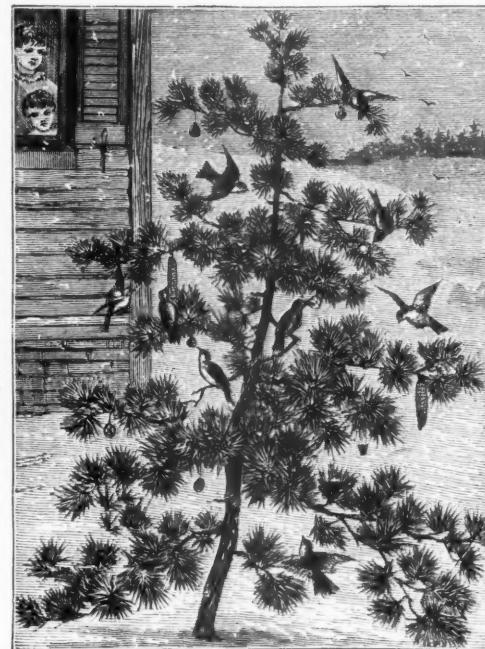
What are our Christian women thinking of to have birds killed to decorate their bonnets?

Are not the lives of the birds as dear to the God who made them as our lives and those of our little ones are to us?

I wish I could talk face to face with every woman in our land.

M. G. PARET, Baltimore.

Will some of our readers give us the name of the funniest book they ever read to make one laugh and drive off the blues.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

FROM A PROTESTANT.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"Ever since noticing in *Our Dumb Animals* your editorial on the Roman Catholic question, I have had it in mind to write to you, but partly because pressed for time I have not done so. Last month, however, I noticed a letter written by a Catholic, and though you may have received many similar from Protestants, I want to make sure that you receive one. I think the most earnest thanks are due to you from Protestants for the stand you have publicly taken on this question."

It is not by the sowing of discord and antagonism that harmony will be promoted. This organized antagonism of a particular sect takes us back to the spirit of the Middle Ages, and is out of place in this century.

Another thing concerning which I wish to express my personal appreciation, is your position in regard to the *military spirit* that is being fostered so largely among the young people, *even in some of the churches*. It is, of course, in the most direct conflict with humane and altruistic work, and if only *Our Dumb Animals* and a pledge to succor the helpless wherever found could be substituted for *the guns in the hands of these boys*, what an infinitely better protection to the nation it would be.

As often as your paper comes to me I feel strongly impelled to write, telling you what a grand work I think you are doing—*more supremely important in my judgment than any other, because it goes to the fountain head.*"

The above letter calls to mind a little talk we had some time since with a noted Evangelist.

We said: "I see by the papers that Mr. —— has been pitching into you because you helped put an organ into the little Catholic church in your town."

"Oh," replied the Evangelist, "— is crazy. When we get all the *Protestants* converted then we will convert the *Catholics* — but it will take *three or four days more* to convert the *Protestants*."

And the above reminds us again how, when we told our good friend *Patrick Donahoe* that a Western editor had been pitching into us because we spoke kindly of the *Catholics*, replied: "Well, I will offer a *prayer for the poor fellow*."

Let the *Protestants* *pray for* the *Catholics* and the *Catholics* *pray for* the *Protestants*, and the devil will have to invent some new plan to make Christ's teachings forgotten in *Sunday schools* and elsewhere.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

New Bands of Mercy.

23060 Ventura, Cal.
 Ventura Band.
 P., Hayden Wilson.
 23061 Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Love Band.
 P., Paul Shackleton.
 23062 Adrian, Mich.
 Golden Star Band.
 P., Alva M. Haight.
 23063 Reidsville, N. C.
 Reidsville Band No. 1.
 P., Miss Cora Pitts.
 23064 Reidsville Band No. 2.
 P., Miss Annie Williams.
 23065 Reidsville Band No. 3.
 P., Ella Farioh.
 23066 Reidsville Band No. 4.
 P., Emmette Harris.
 23067 Reidsville Band No. 5.
 P., Lena Gwynn.
 23068 Reidsville Band No. 6.
 P., Genie Nunally.
 23069 Reidsville Band No. 7.
 P., Hunter Irvin.
 23070 Reidsville Band No. 8.
 P., Mr. J. H. Synott.
 23071 Webster, S. D.
 George Washington Band.
 P., Mrs. W. T. Havens.
 23072 Los Angeles, Cal.
 Christian Mission Band.
 P., Hiram Smith.
 23073 Castle Rock, Wash.
 L. T. L. Band.
 P., Eva Huntington.
 23074 Ahnapee, Wis.
 Ahnapee Band.
 P., Richard Rulke.
 23075 Covina, Cal.
 Covina Band.
 P., Carl France.
 23076 Battle Creek, Iowa.
 District Band No. 8.
 P., Miss Jennie F. Crane.
 23077 Amesbury, Mass.
 High School.
 Tuttle Band.
 P., Forrest Brown.
 23078 J. G. Whittier Band.
 P., Geo. A. Hutchins.
 23079 Ferry Primary School.
 Cheerful Band.
 P., A. N. Frink.
 23080 Busy Bee Band.
 P., Miss Hatch.
 23081 Ferry Grammar School.
 Golden Rod Band.
 P., Emma Dane.
 23082 Frank Savage Band.
 P., Anna Fisk.
 23083 School St. School.
 C. S. Hubbard Band.
 P., Maud Dole.
 23084 Geo. Washington Band.
 P., Miss Hallier.
 23085 Lincoln Band.
 P., Miss Batchelder.
 23086 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Manson.
 23087 Agassiz School.
 Black Beauty Band.
 P., Nellie Sargent.
 23088 Daisy Band.
 P., Miss Fifield.
 23089 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Miss Blaisdell.
 23090 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Randell.
 23091 Whittier School.
 Dole Band.
 P., V. A. Dole.
 23092 Barker Band.
 P., Miss Barker.
 23093 U. S. Grant Band.
 P., Miss Keniston.
 23094 Defenders Band.
 P., Miss McDonald.
 23095 Garfield School.
 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Annie H. Dow.
 23096 Red, White and Blue Band.
 P., Sarah True.
 23097 Hackett School.
 Mayflower Band.
 P., Carrie Marshall.
 23098 Hawthorne School.
 Violet Band.
 P., Lizzie Bakie.
 23099 Lincoln School.
 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss E. Gowen.
 23100 Irving School.
 Allen's Corner Band.
 P., A. A. Currier.
 23101 Violet Band.
 P., M. L. Donahue.
 23102 Lion's Mouth School.
 Geo. T. Angell Band.
 P., Ethel Savage.

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

23103 St. Joseph's School.
 St. Paul's Band.
 P., Sister Mary Paul.
 23104 J. J. Nilan Band.
 P., Sister Mary Domitilla.
 23105 Bishop Brady Band.
 P., Sister Mary Columba.
 23106 Bishop Brady Band No. 2.
 P., Sister Mary Benedict.
 23107 St. Joseph's Band.
 P., Sister Mary.
 23108 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Sister Mary Simplicia.
 23109 St. John's Band.
 P., Sister Mary Rose.
 23110 Violet Band.
 P., Sister Frances Xavier.
 23111 Sunshine Band.
 P., Sister Mary Celestine.
 23112 J. J. Boyce O'Reilly Band.
 P., Sister Mary Lignori.
 23113 Mocksville, N. C.
 Mocksville Band.
 P., Miss W. Hawkins.
 23114 Danforth, Maine.
 Florence Quimby Band.
 P., Miss Harriet F. Springer.
 23115 Providence, R. I.
 Whittier Band No. 2.
 P., Miss L. I. Brown.
 23116 Life Savers Band.
 P., Miss L. Manchester.
 23117 Haverhill, Mass.
 St. James School.
 Scholastica Band.
 P., Sister Mary Scholastica.
 23118 St. Joseph Band.
 P., Sister Mary Doloros.
 23119 St. Paul Band.
 P., Sister Mary Eulalia.
 23120 Geo. Washington Band.
 P., Sister Mary Magdalene.
 23121 Lincoln Band.
 P., Sister Mary Raphael.
 23122 St. James Band.
 P., Sister Mary St. James.
 23123 St. Sebastian Band.
 P., Sister Mary Albina.
 23124 St. Aloysius Band.
 P., Sister Mary Gregory.
 23125 Hope Band.
 P., Sister Mary Gerard.
 23126 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Sister Mary Chrostom.
 23127 J. J. Try Band.
 P., Sister Mary Germaine.
 23128 Daisy Band.
 P., Sister Mary Matthias.
 23129 Star Band.
 P., Sister Mary Innocent.
 23130 St. Joseph's School.
 Band No. 1.
 P., Sister Mary of the Good
 Shepherd.
 23131 Band No. 2.
 P., Sister Mary Fulgence.
 23132 Band No. 3.
 P., Sister Mary Odile.
 23133 Band No. 4.
 P., Sister Mary Eugene.
 23134 Band No. 5.
 P., Sister Mary Malachi.
 23135 Band No. 6.
 P., Sister Mary J. Thomas.
 23136 Merrimac, Mass.
 Center School.
 Agassiz Band.
 P., C. C. Ferguson.
 23137 Mayflower Band.
 P., Etta Colby.
 23138 Black Beauty Band.
 P., Miss Phelps.
 23139 Lincoln Band.
 P., Miss Clement.
 23140 Geo. Washington Band.
 P., Miss Pearson.
 23141 Plains School.
 J. G. Whittier Band.
 P., Mary Head.
 23142 Pansy Band.
 P., Miss Boltenhouse.
 23143 Middle St. School.
 Henry Bergth Band.
 P., C. M. Evans.
 23144 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Brackett.
 23145 Geo. T. Angell Band.
 P., Miss Hunter.
 23146 Merrimacport, Mass.
 Golden Rule Band.
 P., J. M. Blaisdell.
 23147 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Baxter.
 23148 Buffalo, N. Y.
 Queen City Band.
 P., Evelyn Jacus.
 23149 Rochester, Minn.
 Jenny Lind Band.
 P., Sara Joslyn.
 23150 Waterbury, Conn.
 Waterbury Band.
 P., W. P. Stedman.

23151 Foxburgh, Pa.
 Mercy Band.
 P., Mrs. B. A. Meckel.
 23152 Howell, Mich.
 Howell Band.
 P., Frances Huntington.
 23153 East Boston, Mass.
 Susan C. Damon Band.
 P., Susan C. Damon.
 23154 Harvey City, Oregon.
 Harvey Band.
 P., Mrs. E. J. Newell.
 23155 Glenwood, Wis.
 L. T. L. Band.
 P., Mrs. Delia Gleed.
 23156 Hull, Quebec, Canada.
 Presb. S. S. Band.
 P., Rev. Mr. Scott.
 23157 St. James Church Band.
 P., Miss Johnson.
 23158 Wellington, Ont.
 Senior Public School Band.
 P., Alexander Russell.
 23159 Junior Public School Band.
 P., Miss Boys.
 23160 St. John's S. S. Band.
 P., Mr. Alexander Scott.
 23161 Meth, S. S. Band.
 P., Caleb Chambers.
 23162 Presb. S. S. Band.
 P., Mrs. Charles Lindsay.
 23163 Ottawa, Canada.
 Royal Band.
 P., Dr. R. Mark.
 23164 Heyworth P. O., Quebec.
 Nellie Band.
 P., Mrs. John Brady.
 23165 E. Brookfield, Mass.
 E. Brookfield Band.
 P., Miss Nina M. Gleason.
 23166 Waterbury, Vt.
 Waterbury Band.
 P., Harriette M. Morse.
 23167 Miller's Ferry, Ala.
 Freedmen's Mission Band.
 P., Lillie E. Jarnigan.
 23168 Louisville, Colo.
 Louisville Band.
 P., Alice Wolfer.
 23169 Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
 Shenandoah Band.
 P., Miss Jennie Chambers.
 23170 John Brown Band.
 P., Miss Annie Deems.
 23171 Central Falls, R. I.
 Golden Rod Band.
 P., Miss Anna Earle.
 23172 Pittsfield, Me.
 Eckhardt Band.
 P., Ethel Walker.
 23173 Treadwell, N. Y.
 Busy Bee Band.
 P., Alfred Allen.
 23174 Chester, Pa.
 Lincoln School Band No. 3.
 P., Florence Williams.
 23175 So. Omaha, Neb.
 Columbian Band.
 P., Alice E. Havens.
 23176 So. Omaha Band.
 P., Minnie E. Dennis.
 23177 Portsmouth, N. H.
 Farragut School.
 Farragut Band.
 P., N. F. Pierce.
 23178 Whittier Band.
 P., Miss Morrison.
 23179 Willing Workers Band.
 P., Miss Glover.
 23180 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss Sweetser.
 23181 Wide Awake Band.
 P., Miss Ham.
 23182 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss Ham.
 23183 Haven School.
 George Washington Band.
 P., John Gault.
 23184 Longfellow Band.
 P., Miss Rothwell.
 23185 Hawthorne Band.
 P., Miss Laughton.
 23186 Black Beauty Band.
 P., Miss Riley.
 23187 Lincoln Band.
 P., Miss Farrington.
 23188 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Martin.
 23189 Little Haven Band.
 P., Mrs. Knox.
 23190 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Gray.
 23191 High School.
 Rockingham Band.
 P., I. H. Upton.
 23192 Wentworth Band.
 P., Miss F. A. Mathes.
 23193 Whipple School.
 Wm. Whipple Band.
 P., Miss Duntley.
 23194 Defender Band.
 P., Miss Briant.

23195 We'll Try Band.
 P., Miss Seavey.
 23196 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss Coleman.
 23197 Hiawatha Band.
 P., Miss Shackley.
 23198 Wide Awake Band.
 P., Miss Farrington.
 23199 Golden Rod Band.
 P., Miss Newton.
 23200 Daisy Band.
 P., Miss Prescott.
 23201 Cabot St. School.
 Busy Bee Band.
 P., M. B. Jarvis.
 23202 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Miss McDonough.
 23203 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss Bartlett.
 23204 Spalding School.
 Robin Band.
 P., Ninette Hayes.
 23205 Franklin School.
 Star Band.
 P., Ida Piper.
 23206 I'll Try Band.
 P., Alice Newton.
 23207 Woodbury School.
 Pansy Band.
 P., Miss Lamprey.
 23208 Plain School.
 Violet Band.
 P., Miss Tibbets.
 23209 Lafayette School.
 Mayflower Band.
 P., Miss Rollins.
 23210 Immaculate Conception.
 St. Joseph Band.
 P., Sister Mary Frances.
 23211 Star of the Sea Band.
 P., Sister Mary Carmelita.
 23212 Pope Leo XIII Band.
 P., Sister Mary Borromeo.
 23213 Ivanhoe Band.
 P., Sister Mary Callista.
 23214 Our Lady of Mercy Band.
 P., Sister Mary Evarista.
 23215 St. Stanislaus Band.
 P., Sister Mary Clement.
 23216 Kittery, Maine.
 High School.
 Constitution Band.
 P., E. L. Chaney.
 23217 Grammar School.
 Geo. Wash. Band.
 P., W. L. Jackman.
 23218 I'll Try Band.
 P., Miss Quinn.
 23219 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Ever Watchful Band.
 P., Rosetta F. Ruscoe.
 23220 Portland, Me.
 Shaler Pr. School.
 I'll Try Band.
 P., Myra M. Eastman.
 23221 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss F. A. Evans.
 23222 Helping Hand Band.
 P., Miss A. P. Brackett.
 23223 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Morten.
 23224 North School.
 No. 1 Band.
 P., E. E. Parmenter.
 23225 No. 2 Band.
 P., E. L. Robinson.
 23226 No. 3 Band.
 P., S. C. Eastman.
 23227 No. 4 Band.
 P., Miss Holmes.
 23228 No. 5 Band.
 P., Miss Looney.
 23229 No. 6 Band.
 P., Miss Taylor.
 23230 No. 7 Band.
 P., Miss Day.
 23231 No. 8 Band.
 P., Miss Connolly.
 23232 No. 9 Band.
 P., Miss McAleney.
 23233 No. 10 Band.
 P., Miss Whitley.
 23234 No. 11 Band.
 P., Miss Logan.
 23235 No. 12 Band.
 P., Miss Parks.
 23236 No. 13 Band.
 P., Miss Murray.
 23237 No. 14 Band.
 P., Miss Jordan.
 23238 No. 15 Band.
 P., Miss Smart.
 23239 No. 16 Band.
 P., Miss Cragin.
 23240 No. 17 Band.
 P., Miss Carle.
 23241 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Miss O'Rourke.
 23242 Little Workers Band.
 P., Miss Pennell.
 23243 Hope Band.
 P., Miss Files.

23244 Busy Bee Band.
 P., Miss Melaugh.
 23245 Star Band.
 P., Miss Berry.
 23246 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss Welch.
 23247 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Welch.
 23248 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Parker.
 23249 Center St. School.
 U. S. Grant Band.
 P., J. A. Milliken.
 23250 Geo. Wash. Band.
 P., Miss Jordan.
 23251 Neverland Band.
 P., Miss Walsh.
 23252 Wide Awake Band.
 P., Miss Black.
 23253 Daisy Band.
 P., Miss Cady.
 23254 Kindly Band.
 P., Miss Plummer.
 23255 Busy Workers Band.
 P., Miss Barstow.
 23256 Monument St. School.
 Geo. Wash. Band.
 P., Emma S. Wilson.
 23257 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss Gould.
 23258 Busy Workers Band.
 P., Miss Clark.
 23259 Violet Band.
 P., Miss Thompson.
 23260 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss O'Connor.
 23261 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Knight.
 23262 Busy Bee Band.
 P., Miss Staples.
 23263 Pansy Band.
 P., Miss Sawyer.
 23264 Training School.
 Longfellow Band.
 P., Miss Armstrong.
 23265 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Fabyan.
 23266 Whittier Band.
 P., Miss Folsom.
 23267 Daisy Band.
 P., Miss Hodgkins.
 23268 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss Howe.
 23269 Pansy Band.
 P., Miss Skillings.
 23270 Sunbeam Band.
 P., Miss Delano.
 23271 Lily Band.
 P., Sarah M. Taylor.
 23272 Casco St. School.
 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Isabella Garvin.
 23273 Helping Hands Band.
 P., Miss Foley.
 23274 Geo. Washington Band.
 P., Miss Colburn.
 23275 Lincoln Band.
 P., Miss French.
 23276 Pansy Band.
 P., Miss Clark.
 23277 I'll Try Band.
 P., Miss Gould.
 23278 Be Kind Band.
 P., Miss Dunbar.
 23279 Park St. School.
 Geo. Wash. Band.
 P., Rosa E. True.
 23280 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Miss Blake.
 23281 Lincoln Band.
 P., Miss Fuller.
 23282 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss Nesmith.
 23283 Golden Rod Band.
 P., Miss Lowell.
 23284 Busy Workers Band.
 P., Miss Waterhouse.
 23285 McLellan School.
 Wide Awake Band.
 P., Miss Stevens.
 23286 Sunshine Band.
 P., Miss Short.
 23287 Willing Workers Band.
 P., Miss Robinson.
 23288 Star Band.
 P., Miss Thurston.
 23289 Golden Rule Band.
 P., Miss Ham.
 23290 Hope Band.
 P., Miss Howarth.
 23291 Vaughan School.
 Black Beauty Band.
 P., Eleanor K. Loring.
 23292 Longfellow Band.
 P., Miss Langtherne.
 23293 Rosebud Band.
 P., Miss Houston.
 23294 Peaks Island School.
 Violet Band.
 P., Ada B. Curtis.
 23295 Lily Band.
 P., Miss Simpson.

WHAT TO DO THIS WINTER.

[By the editor of *Fibre and Fabric*, for *Our Dumb Animals*.]

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Winter is coming and it is a trying time for birds, but especially for those that feed on insects, such as the *woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees*, &c.

If those who own suburban homes will fasten raw meat bones in the trees during freezing weather, they will be surprised to see the number of birds that will come to them.

In this way the Hudson family at North Manchester, Conn., had *blue jays* about the door nearly as tame as chickens.

Mrs. Spencer, near my home, has fed *blue jays* with peanuts for not less than twelve years, and they have become very plenty, and to the lady quite tame.

If two or three clumps of pines were planted on our Public Garden and Common, and fenced in say a circle of twenty-five feet only, and young *blue jays* secured in autumn, they could be made quite tame. They are beautiful in plumage and pre-eminently New England birds, and would brave our winters and greet us in the worst snow storms.

Winter is coming; please speak a kind word for the birds.

J. M. WADE.

[From the *Springfield (Mass.) Homestead*.]

A heavy truck stretched its length across the car tracks on State street, and there it stopped and refused to budge. Cars came rolling up, and the motormen and conductors clanged their bells and the passengers fretted. The horses tugged and tugged, but in vain. A crisis like this is when drivers get rattled and curse and ply the lash. *But not one blow fell on these horses.* They were urged this way and that, with kind words, and in a surprisingly short time the tracks were clear and the cars were "wheeling their flight" up the hill again. The team belonged to the National Papeterie Company, and the driver is a man to do the *venerable* George T. Angell's heart good.

If the papers will persist in calling us *venerable* we shall really begin to think, by and-by, that we are growing old.

At present we doubt whether there is a man in Boston who, in *his own home*, whistles, sings and enjoys himself any better, *day-times*, than we do.

"LISTENER" IN THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

The stories about dogs on railroad trains call out another. His master—so "Listener" is informed by a credible correspondent, habitually took the dog from one town to another. One day the dog heard his master say, "Shut that dog up; I am going from S—to Boston to-day, and I can't take him with me." The dog disappeared. His owner took the train. Nodog anywhere around; but stepping out at a way station en route he saw the dog peeping out of the baggage car door and watching him, evidently quite prepared to jump off, too, if his master did not get on board. The dog had got to the train first, and had popped into the baggage car and kept himself out of his master's view. If there is any canine equivalent for the expression, "It's a cold day when I get left," the dog, no doubt, uttered it when his master resumed charge of him on the train.—*Boston Transcript*.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

We are glad to report that our good friend *Robert Mark, M. D.*, of Ottawa, who has already formed some eighty thousand or more children in Canada, at his own personal expense, into *Bands of Mercy*, is again hard at work forming large Bands.

TO STOP THE BARKING OF DOGS AT NIGHT.

A very good way is to have the police instructed whenever, in going their rounds at night, they find a neighborhood disturbed by the barking of a dog, to ring the owner's door bell and request him to take the dog into the house.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Glory to God,"
"Peace on Earth,"
"Kindness, Justice
and Mercy to Every
Living Creature" are the inscriptions on the flag of our *American Humane Education Society*.

OREGON.

We are glad to know from *Mr. W. T. Shanahan*, Secretary of the Oregon Society, of a grand work being done in the matter of humane education in that State.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

General Howard, in the *Boston Herald* of Oct. 6th, after describing the terrible power of modern cannon and rifles, gatling guns, &c., says:

"Yet in spite of the increase of terrors I fear that the war spirit will not be materially diminished simply by the great destruction of human life as a result of the improvement in arms, because those who bring on the war do not have to do the fighting."

The enterprise of Japan conquered China, but in the enterprise of Chinese statesmen, with their innumerable hosts, may yet overwhelm Japan and Russia, *over-run India and conquer the world*.

Certainly no improvement in arms, on sea or on land, could prevent such results if the propelling sentiment of the Chinese people should take the military turn."

O. O. HOWARD.

We have quoted in these columns before what Napoleon said about China. "Better let China alone," &c., &c. We prophesy that China will have a fleet on the Pacific one of these days equal to any in the world.—EDITOR.

EAT VEGETABLES.

From an interesting work on the above subject which comes to our table, we take the following:

"The most efficient burden-bearers of the world to-day are vegetarians. The *Turkish longshoremen*, perhaps the most powerful bipeds of the planet, (except the gorilla) are life-long vegetarians. So also are largely the *peasantry of Russia, Italy, Germany*, and even of *Norway and Sweden*, away from the sea coast. The *intrepid Bedouin, the dauntless Japanese and the Chinese coolies* are all vegetarians."

SOME OLD SINNER. THAT'S SO.

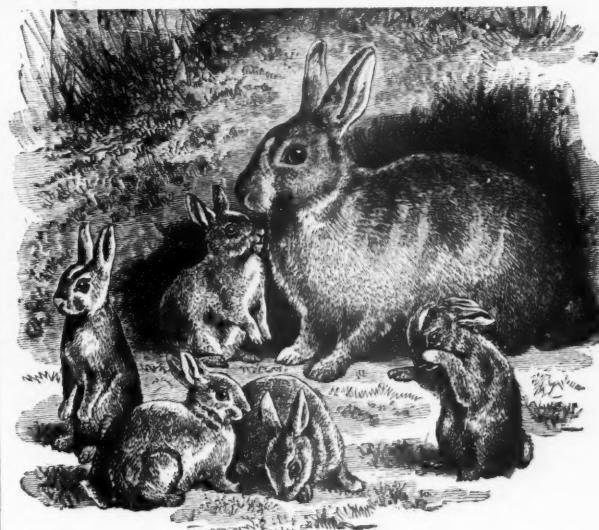
We are reminded by an article we have just read in our daily paper of an address we once listened to in Faneuil Hall, from General [then Governor] N. P. Banks.

The Governor began in his tremendous voice, which some of us remember:—"Fellow Citizens, I am not competent to do justice to this occasion"—"That's so," sang out a voice in the audience—there was a shout of laughter and for once the Governor was thrown off his balance.

We have sometimes wondered when some old sinner has been telling of his former wickedness to a religious meeting, what the effect would be of saying "that's so."

A clergyman having left his sermon at home, told his congregation that he would read them a few chapters of the book of *Job enough sight better*.

Another clergyman under similar circumstances told his congregation that for the morning he would have to trust in Providence, but that in the afternoon he would endeavor to be *better prepared*.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

OUR MUEZZIN.

From Eastern towers resounds the call
Allah il Allah,—God is great,—
And hearing this the faithful fall
On bended knees, nor lingering wait.

But no Muezzin's voice I hear,
Only a robin singing sweet
From morn to eve, with note so clear,
Through sun or cloud, in cool and heat.

His perch is on the top-most roof,
Cheery he sits the livelong day,
Singing his song of praise aloft
From other birds—song blithe and gay.

We know the thanks his songs convey—
The juicy fruit left for his share;
The peaceful life from day to day,
Fearless of cat or hunter's snare.

And like the faithful ones that kneel
'Neath Eastern skies we, too, would raise
Our voice with this sweet bird, and feel
His thrill of thankfulness and praise.

M. S. SYMONDS.

Huntington, L. I.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in October.

Fines and witness fees, \$229.00.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Otis E. Weld, \$100; Rev. Dr. Bartol, \$50; Miss Mary Bartol, \$20; Mrs. H. A. Bigelow, \$10; Hon. W. H. Haile, \$10; Mrs. Dexter Smith, \$10; Mrs. D. W. Gooch, \$2; Mrs. J. E. Saunders, \$2; Mrs. K. Royce, \$2; C. C. Read, \$2; Mrs. M. F. Jennings, \$2; Sunny Hill Band of Mercy, \$0.51.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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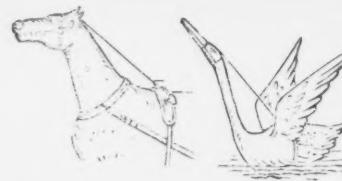
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